

To Be the Enemy

by KJS

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Disclaimer: Animorphs and the Yeerks belong to K.A. Applegate. I
promise to return
>them when I'm done. The story and Trey are mine.

>Â <p>

My name is Trey. I can't tell you my last name or where I live,
there's too much risk
>involved. You might think that I'm about to say that I can't tell
you because the Yeerks
will find me. Well, they already have. The
reason I can't tell you is because I'm afraid
>the Andalite bandits will use it to hunt me down. Just another Yeerk
for them to track,
to follow to the Yeerk pool. And if they knew
what vile parasite had invaded me, they'd
>likely kill me 'for the greater good'. Visser Twelve is not the best
one to have in your
brain. I'm not against the bandits finding
the pools and destroying them, I'm not in this
>mess voluntarily. But I don't want to die yet. <p>

When I look in the mirror in the morning, I see a twenty-one year old
college student.
>A bit tall, mildly handsome, with blue eyes and medium brown hair.
That's how everyone
else sees me. I'm just like everyone else in
a crowd, nothing unusual. The perfect cover,
>because I see something else in that mirror. I see the screaming

faces of all the people
I've killed or infested. I see the disgusting worm that's wrapped itself around my brain.
>It just mocks the foolishness in my sentimental, human thoughts.
<p>

I've been a Controller for about a year and a half. My Yeerk has received two promotions
>within this time. Luck's been on his side, and I've got enough friends and was involved
in enough groups and causes that he had an easy time bringing in new hosts, and helping
>accomplish some vital missions to the Yeerks. As a kid, I always thought I'd help save
the world, so as I grew older, I joined environmental organizations, became a tutor, did
>some public speaking. With my creativity, I also got into theater and music. Unfortunately, my zeal when it came to living has lead to this. I knew enough people, was viewed as 'that nice boy' enough to be a valuable person to have for the Yeerks. I was also eccentric enough that no one really noticed when I acted a bit strange. So I became the body that was used to recruit for the Yeerk cause.
<p>

The Yeerk cause. I wish there was some way to turn off my eyes, so I wouldn't be able to
>see my body, wielding a Dracon beam, threatening sobbing, screaming humans as they
had their heads held over that murky water as a Yeerk slowly slides through their ear and
>flattens itself around their brain. I know the look too well, the nightmares plague me
whether I'm sleeping or awake. But they aren't as bad as the Visser, his constant
>boasting, his arrogance and claims that he will be the one to capture the Andalites.
Sometimes, with a particularly resistant host, he'll slow down the infesting process,
>drawing out the agony of waiting for the poor person, and whisper to me. "Just wait
till I have the Andalites, I'll infest them and destroy all resistance. Then what will you
>whimper to me?" <p>

This is what he said to me when he infested my girlfriend. When he infested my sister.
>My parents. My best friend. Everyone I truly cared is now one of them. I can hear their
screams, and know the agony they go through every moment, the fear, the knowledge
>and helplessness. <p>

Or maybe I should say they are now one of us. I have to accept it. This little corner of
>my mind is the only bit of myself remaining, they have taken my body. The Yeerk has
commandeered my memories, my mind, my life. The only time I have control is when
>they stick me in that cage, where I await the return of Visser Twelve to my head. All
I can do is scream, sometimes cry or shake, as I let out all the rage and emotion that
>longs for release when he is in my head. This is what we all do. Sometimes, you can't
really help it. You intend to stay calm, look around carefully, and pray the Andalite
>bandits that the Yeerks despise choose that moment to attack, so you can escape. But
it all comes out, the rush of freedom, of finally being alone in your mind after a few
>days that stretched on forever. All you want is to scream and scream until every sin
you've committed in those past days has been

cleansed. In the end, it doesn't matter.

>You always end up being shoved back down the pier, your head forced down until
your life is again not your own.

My biggest fear? Perhaps it's turning into one of the hosts who doesn't scream when

>free. The ones who stare blankly, their soul either locked away or gone. This is one
of my fears. That I will be a Controller for so long, that the Visser will make me

>watch till I go insane, and all that is left is the unresisting shell. Too many have
fallen to that fate, and the worst thing I have ever seen is my uncle, staring at me

>with those blank eyes of a host that has seen too much. A host that is gone, the fear
and pain has overwhelmed them.

No. My biggest fear is more than that. My biggest fear is the Andalites. I want them

>to free me, I want them to fight for this planet. But I don't want my life to go the way
of some of the Controllers. I've seen the one in tiger morph bring down a human-controller

>I knew. We had to tell his wife and son that he died in a car accident. Then we infested
the son the next day. Another one, a woman, was mauled as she tried to stop the

>Andalite in a bear morph as her sister, another Controller, watched. The Visser and I heard the story from a group of Controllers as they laughed about it. Laughed. That moment alone, as I felt the malicious joy of the Yeerk in my head, I prayed and swore to myself that I would live to see those slugs ripped from the brains of humans, shriveled up and dying. <p>

I've tried fighting, I've seen hosts nearly take control. I've sent my body into spasms,

>I've done all I can to break through, but I'm not strong enough. Or, as Visser Twelve
is quick to point out, he's had a long history of solid control over his hosts. I believe

>him, he's shown me the proof in his memories. It hurts, and often I will try to break
through for just long enough to warn someone, to get the word out.

I want to see my sister free. Once, when I was locked up in that cage, my prison was

>right next to hers. I calmed down my screaming, and just stared at her. Mina stared back, her blue eyes gazing at me with a mix of fear, understanding, and accusation. My eight year old sister sort of understood the wide scope of everything through the Yeerk, and that I felt the same as her. But in Mina's eyes I saw the day I dragged her down and infested
her. And I knew that she remembered. I hoped she forgave me, I know she understands

>it wasn't me. Perhaps if I ever am put next to her again, I will try to explain it to her.
Explain what happened to me. That I didn't want to betray her, and would have gladly
killed myself to prevent it. <p>

Now I live because there isn't a reason not to. There's just life. The endless stream of

>Visser Twelve, committing atrocities, and waiting for those few minutes of freedom
where I can let out my anguish. Sometimes I've wanted to take control long enough

>to bring a knife to my wrists, but the looming fear of death always keeps me from trying. <p>

Some may wonder why I am not insane after all this. I sometimes wonder the same.

>Maybe it's just that I've somehow learned to survive through the primal instincts
of self-preservation. Maybe I'm just a twisted individual, and enough of my soul

>has been killed by the Yeerks to prevent my loss of sanity. Or the knowledge of the
mild success of the Andalites, coupled with memories of my family and friends

>gives me a small glimmer of hope that shines when I can't take this anymore. <p>

I want the Andalite bandits to know this: the Yeerks have their weaknesses. Please,

>for my life, the lives of all the humans and living creatures on Earth, for our planet
and galaxy, don't give up. Don't ever give up on us. We just want to be free, and

>have fought as much as we can in our situation. We want to die free. More than
that, we want to live free.

My name is Trey. I may not be able to tell you my last name, or where I live, but I have

>told you my story. I hope someday, perhaps soon, I can tell the story of my freedom and
victory over the Yeerks. Until that day, never, ever give up.

End
file.